

DIALOGUE

Between a

GENTLEMAN

AND A

LADY,

Relating Chiefly to

The Nursing and Bringing up of CHILDREN.

Which may serve as

A Third PART

To the DIALOGUE *between two
Ladies, about the Management of
their HUSBANDS.*

London, Printed for J. Nutt, near Sta-
tioners-Hall, 1698. 25. Octob.

DICTIONARY

OF THE

LANGUAGE

OF THE

INDIANS

OF THE

WESTERN

HEMISPHERE

AND

THE

ADJACENT

ISLANDS

DIALOGUE

Between

Eutrapelus, and Fabulla.

Eu. **C**hrift save thee, good *Fabulla*.

Fab. God save you also,
Eutrapelus; what strange accident drove you hither, whom we have not seen this three years?

Eu. I'll tell you. Walking by chance this way, and seeing the Clapper of your Door wound about with a white Linen Cloth, I admir'd what should be the reason on't.

Fab. You can't sure be such a Stranger in this Country, but you must needs know, that's done least any disturbance should be given to a Woman in Child-bed.

Eu. How! Is it not a prodigious thing to see a White Crow? (for the Latin word

word for a Clapper signifies also a Crow.) to be serious, I knew that well enough, but I cou'd not dream that a Girl of Sixteen should so soon learn the difficult Art of Child-bearing, which some can scarcely learn at Thirty.

Fab. You are always, as your very Name intimates, a merry witty Fellow.

Eu. And *Fabulla* never wants a pretty little Fable. But whilst I stood wondring what shou'd be the matter, He that has had so many Wives came by.

Fab. What, He that has lately buried his Tenth Wife.

Eu. The very same, but perhaps you don't know, that He wooes as lustily now, as if he had always been a Batchelor. I ask'd him what shou'd be the meaning of that white Cloth about the Clapper. Says he, in that House a Woman's Body is dissected in two. O Lord! says I, for what Crime does she suffer this punishment? Because (says he) as 'tis commonly reported, the good Woman was so bold as to flea her Husband; and therewithall he laughs in his sleeve, and sneaks away.

Fab. 'Tis a dull heavy Fellow.

Eu. I therefore immediately came in to Congratulate your safe deliverance, and to wish you joy.

Fab.

Fab. Entrepalus, if you please, you may wish me health, but 'tis time enough to wish me joy of my Son, when you see him give some proofs of his being a good Man.

Em. Verily that's a pious and true Saying, my *Fabula*.

Fab. Your *Fabula*! I'd have you know I'm none's besides my own *Petronius's*.

Em. You bear Children I dare say to your *Petronius* alone, but I suppose you don't live to him only. But I rejoyce so much the more because God has sent you a Boy.

Fab. Pray for what reason do you think it more happy to have a Boy than a Girl?

Em. Nay tell me rather, you *Petronius's Fabula*, (for I must not call you mine) wherefore you Women love to have Boys rather than Girls?

Fab. I know not what others think, but for mine own part, I rejoyce that my Child is a Boy, because God would have it so. If it had pleased God to have given me a Girl, she would also have pleased me.

Em. Do you think God has nothing else to do, but to turn Midwife to every Woman that Cries out?

Fab.

Y. Fab. What can God do better, than to give his assistance in propagating Mankind, which he himself at first Created?

Ex. What can he do better? Good Woman! Nay if He were not God, I should not think Him sufficient to undertake so many Affairs at once. *Christiern* the *Danish* King, a pious favourer of the Gospel, is banish'd his Kingdoms. *Francis* the *French* King is a Guest, I know not how welcome, at the *Spaniard's* Table, I'm sure very contrary to his Inclinations; a Man certainly worthy of better Fortune. *Charles* studies how to enlarge his own Territories. *Ferdinand* is so taken up with his own Affairs in *Germany*, that he has no leisure to assist his Friends. There's great scarcity of Money in all Princes Courts. The Boors raise dangerous Rebellions, and are not yet discouraged by all the Slaughters they meet with. All People in general incline to Commonwealths and Anarchy. The Church is broken down by perilous Factions, and the Seamless Coat of the Blessed Jesus is torn in pieces. Innumerable Wild Boars root up the Lord's Vineyard. The Priest's Authority and Tithes the Dignity and Reverence of Divines, and the Monk's Majestick Gravity are all in danger. Con-
fession

session is slighted, Prayers are neglected, the Pontifical Laws faint, and are ready to fall; Disputes and Contentions arise about the Holy Eucharist, Antichrist is expected. In short, the whole World is in labour of I know not what monstrous Birth. And in the mean time the Turk watches his opportunity to make havock of all, if he succeeds in his Undertakings. And can you ask what God shou'd do rather than assist Women in Labour. Nay such is the iniquity of these days, that God has need in time to look to his own Kingdom.

Feb. That which seems of great moment to Men, perhaps is very inconsiderable in the sight of God. But, not to bring God into our trifling Discourse, tell me, if you please, what reason had you to think that 'tis better have a Boy than a Girl?

Em. Because 'tis impious not to account that best, which beyond all Controversie God gave us. If God shou'd bestow you a Chrystal Bowl wou'd you not return great thanks for it?

Feb. I shou'd indeed.

Em. What if he shou'd give you a Glass one, wou'd you thank him equally for that? But I fear while I am thus acting the Philosopher, I shou'd disturb one in your Circumstances.

Feb.

Fab. Nay *Fabula* can receive no harm by Fables; for my Month's almost up, and I am now strong enough even for a wrestling bout.

En. Why don't you get out of your Nest then?

Fab. The King forbids it.

En. What King?

Fab. A very Tyrant.

En. Who pray?

Fab. Custom.

En. O ho! How many unjust things does that Tyrant exact? But let's proceed to reason about the Chrystal and Glass.

Fab. If I conjecture right, you judge the Female the worst, because the Male is naturally stronger than she.

En. I do so.

Fab. No wonder, when Men are the Judges. But do Men live longer, or are they more free from Diseases than Women?

En. Not at all, but in general they excel in strength.

Fab. Camels are stronger than Men.

En. The Male however was Created first.

Fab. Adam was made before Christ, and Artists commonly draw the second Piece better than the first.

En.

En. But God made the Woman subject to the Man.

Fab. He that Commands is not always the best. Besides God subjected only the married Bride, not the Woman to the Man. Again, he so subjected the married Woman to the Man, that altho' they both had equal power over one another, yet he would have the Woman obey the Man, not because he was the best, but the fiercer of the two. Tell me, *Entrapelus*, which is the weakest, he that yields, or he that requires obeysance?

En. I'll yield to you in this Point, if you'll explain me *St. Paul's* meaning, when writing to the *Corinthians*, he calls Christ the Head of the Man, and the Man the head of the Woman. Again he calls the Man the Image and Glory of God, but the Woman the Glory of the Man.

Fab. I'll illustrate *St. Paul's* meaning if you'll answer me to this, Whether Men alone and not Women have the privilege of being Members of Christ.

En. That, I confess, is granted to all Men and Women by Faith.

Fab. How comes it to pass then, that seeing the head is one, it is not equal and common to all the members? Again when God Created Man in his own Image, did

he express this likeness in the figure and shape of the Body, or in the gifts and graces of the Mind?

Eu. In the gifts of the Mind.

Fab. How much therefore do Men excell us in these? Pray in which Sex are the most frequent Drunkenness, Scolding, Fighting, Slaughter, War, Rapine, and Adultery?

Eu. We Men alone are oblig'd to wage War in defence of our Country, and therefore are the more exposed to Temptations of that kind.

Fab. You Men sometimes basely fly your Colours, neither do you always fight for your Countrey; nay for a little fordid Salary you frequently forsake your Wives and Children, and like the *Roman Gladiators* give up your Bodies to a servile necessity of either killing, or being killed. Now for all your bragging of your valour, none of you all, if he had once experienced the pain of Child-bearing, but would rather engage in ten Battels, than once undergo what we so often endure. For in War, Men do not always come to blows; or if they do, the danger is not alike in all parts of the Army. Such as you, are disposed of in the Centre; others are in Garrisons, and others sit safely out of harm's way;

way; and lastly, very many save their lives by surrender or flight. But we poor Women must fight hand to hand with Death himself.

En. This is not the first time I heard so, but is this really true?

Fab. 'Tis too true, Alas!

En. Fabulla, Shall I speak to your Husband, and perswade him not to touch you for the future, by which means you shall be safe from such great danger?

Fab. I cou'd heartily wish you wou'd.

En. What reward shall your Orator have if he succeeds?

Fab. I'll give you a dozen of dried Neats Tongues.

En. I'd rather have them than so many Nightingales Tongues. I accept of your offer, but let this Stipulation be confirmed by a Bond under Hand and Seal.

Fab. Nay, I'll give you any [other caution or security you shall require.

En. Well, when your Month's up, it shall be done up according to your desire.

Fab. Nay, rather let it be done now.

En. 'Tis not so convenient to do it now, for I fear you won't persist in this Opinion after your Month's up, and by consequence you shou'd forfeit a double Reward as a penalty of your Obligation,

and also I shou'd have a double labour in
perswading your Husband, and dissuading
your self.

Fab. Well, be it so then. But in the
mean time, let's hear how you'll prove
that your Sex is better than ours?

Eu. I see you're very earnest to engage
in a single Combate with me, and there-
fore I think it more advis'd at present to
yield to you; I will encounter you some
other time, when I'm better arm'd, and
also have a sufficient reserve of stout Soul-
diers to be assistant to me if there be occa-
sion; for when the Battle is fought with
the Tongue, seven Men are not an equal
match for one Woman.

Fab. That's no wonder, since Nature
has arm'd us with that weapon alone, and
yet you Men I'll warrant have no Tongues.

Eu. Perhaps so, but where's the Boy?

Fab. In the next Chamber.

Eu. What doing there? A boiling of
Pot-herbs?

Fab. You Trifler, he's with his Nurse.

Eu. What Nurse? Is there any Nurse
besides the Mother?

Fab. Why not? nothing's more com-
mon.

Eu. You follow but a very ill Authority,
Fabulla, in instancing what's Common.
People

People commonly Sin, they commonly play at Dice, they commonly meet at Stews and Bawdy-Houses, they commonly Cheat, Drink, and play a thousand mad pranks.

Fab. My Friends advised me to it, for they judged it convenient for me to spare this tender Age of mine.

Em. But if Nature gave you strength to Conceive, without doubt it gave you also ability to give suck.

Fab. That's probable.

Em. Tell me, don't you think the word *Mother* a very dear sweet one?

Fab. Yes, sure.

Em. Therefore if such a thing cou'd be, wou'd you suffer another Woman to be the Mother of your Child?

Fab. By no means.

Em. Why then do you of your own accord give half the name of Mother to a strange Woman?

Fab. Good words, *Entrapellus*, I don't divide my Son, I'm his whole and only Mother.

Em. Nay in that Nature her self gives you the Lye. Why is the Earth said to be the Mother of all things? Is it because she brings them forth? nay much rather because she feeds and nourishes what she brought forth. What is bred in the Water
is

is also nourished. therein. In the Earth there's no kind of Animal or Plant which she doth not feed with her own native Sap and Moisture; neither does any Beast refuse to nourish her young ones. Owls, Lyons, and Vipers feed and sustain their young, and must Woman be the only thing that casts out hers? Pray what can be more cruel than to expose an Infant, and leave him in a Wood as a prey to Wild Beasts, for fear of being at a little trouble in Educating him?

Fab. That would be abominable.

Eu. Ay, but you Women don't so much abominate this deed. For how differs it from this exposing, to deliver a tender Infant, just red as he comes from the Womb, smelling of his Mother, and begging and imploring her help and assistance with that innocent voice, which they say moves the most savage Beast to compassion? I say, what can be more inhumane, than to deliver such an one to a strange Woman, perhaps of an unsound Body, of ill Morals, nay that values the little stipend she has with your Child more than his whole Soul and Body?

Fab. We have chosen a Woman of a hale constitution of Body.

Eu.

Eu. Physicians are better Judges of that than you. But grant that the Woman be of an equal or (if you please) a better temperature of Body than your self, do you think it matters not, whether the tender Infant should suck in the natural and familiar Milk of his Mother, and be cherished by the heat he was always used to, or be forced to take up with things that are altogether strange and unnatural to him. Wheat if sowed in a strange Soil degenerates into wild and empty husks. A Vine removed into another ground changes its Nature. Tender Plants pluckt out of their Mother Earth wither and die; and therefore they that have skill in those affairs, remove such with the Native Earth about them.

Fab. But they say, that Plants removed and set in other Ground, put off their wild Nature, and bring forth more generous Fruits.

Eu. But by your leave, good Woman, not if they are transplanted immediately as soon as they peep out of the Earth. The time will come, if God pleases, when 'twill be proper to send your young Gentleman abroad to have him instructed in Letters, and other severer Discipline, which is rather the Father's business than yours. But

Now

now in his tender Age his Mother ought to have cherished him. Moreover, seeing it conduces very much to the health of the Body to have wholsom food, you ought more especially to take care what Suck that soft and tender little Body imbibes. For that Saying of *Horace* may very aptly be apply'd in this place,

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu.

A Cask when once tis season'd well,
Does long retain the pleasant smell.

Fab. I am not so much concern'd for the Body, if the Soul be such as we wish it.

Eu. That's piously spoken, but very unlike a Philosopher.

Fab. Why do you say so?

Eu. When you shred Pot-herbs, why do you complain, that the edge of your knife is blunt, and wou'd have it sharpen'd? If the point of your needle be broken, you throw it away as useless; yet you your self may be a good Seamstress.

Fab. Ay! That's right, one may be an Artist, yet want fit Tools to work with.

Eu. Why do they, that have need of a sharp eye-sight avoid Onions and Darnel?

Fab.

Fab. Because they are a great annoyance to the Eyes.

En. Is it not the Soul that sees, and discerns things?

Fab. Yes certainly, for dead Men see nothing, even as a Carpenter cannot work with a broken Ax.

En. You acknowledge then, that the Body is the Organ or Instrument whereby the Soul operates.

Fab. It appears to be so.

En. And you confess that the Soul cannot act, or at least not so well, when the Body is corrupted, or the Organs not rightly disposed.

Fab. What you say has the face of truth.

En. Go to then, you seem to me to have a Philosophical Genius: Suppose the Soul of a Man were put into a Cock, wou'd it speak as we do?

Fab. No sure.

En. What shou'd hinder it?

Fab. Because it wants Lips, Teeth, and Tongue, such as we have. Neither has he such a Flap or cover to close the *Larynx*, to prevent any thing going down and falling upon the Lungs. He wants also those three Gristles that are moved by three Muscles, to which belong those Nerves that are sent down from the brain;

C

neither

neither are his Jaws or Mouth like a Man's.

Em. What if the Soul were put into a Swine?

Fab. 'Twou'd grunt like a Swine.

Em. What if into a Camel?

Fab. 'Twou'd sing like a Camel.

Em. What if into an Ass, as *Apuleius* was?

Fab. I suppose 'twou'd bray like an Ass.

Em. *Apuleius* acknowledges thus much, for when He earnestly desired to Salute *Cesar*, and had contracted his Jaws and Lips as much as possible, by much adoe he made an imperfect sound like O, but cou'd no way express the word *Cesar*. The same *Apuleius*, when he wou'd write down a Story he heard, least he shou'd forget it, curst his own dull thoughts, that did not first look on his solid hoofs.

Fab. He did so, and that deservedly too.

Em. Therefore the Soul sees less in those that are blear-eyed, and hears less in those that have much wax in their ears; and smells less in those that have caught cold in their heads; when any Member is stupified it feels less, and when the tongue is vitiated with ill humours it tastes less.

Fab.

Fab. All this cannot be deny'd.

En. You yield then, that 'tis for no other reason, but because the Organ is marr'd and corrupted.

Fab. I judge so.

En. You won't deny then, that the Members and Organs of the Body are often vitiated by bad meat and drink.

Fab. I confess it, but this is nothing still to a good Soul.

En. No, methinks 'tis the very same, as Onions are to sprightly eyes.

Fab. What, because ill food corrupts the Organ of the Soul?

En. You answer right. But pray tell me how comes it to pass, that one Man is of a quicker understanding, or a better memory than another? that one is sooner mov'd into a passion, or retains it less than another?

Fab. I suppose the Soul is at first Created with those Faculties and Affections more or less.

En. You shan't evade the Argument so; for whence comes it, that one who formerly had a smart wit, or an happy memory, becomes afterward very dull and forgetful, either by an accidental blow, or fall, or sickness, or old age?

Fab. Verily you seem now to act the Sophister.

Eu. Pray then do you on the other part act the Sophistress.

Fab. I suppose you wou'd say, that even as the Soul sees and hears thro' the eyes, and ears; so also it understands, remembers, loves, hates, is angry, or pleas'd thro' certain Organs.

Eu. I mean the very same.

Fab. I'd fain know then, what and where those Organs are?

Eu. You see where the eyes are.

Fab. Yes, and I also know where the ears, nostrils and palate are; and I know that there's feeling in all parts of the Body, except by chance some member be stupidly'd.

Eu. Yet the Soul understands, tho' a Leg be cut off.

Fab. Yes, and when a Hand is also.

Eu. But when one receives a vehement blow on the Temples, or the hinder part of the Head, he falls down, and is quite out of his senses, as if he were dead.

Fab. I have observ'd that.

Eu. You'll therefore infer from hence, that the Organs of the Understanding, Will, and Memory are seated within the Skull, and that they are not so gross and thick

thick as the eyes and ears, tho' they be material, even as the most subtle Spirits, we have in our Bodies, are corporeal.

Fab. Are those Spirits also vitiated by Meats, and Drinks?

En. Certainly.

Fab. But the Brain is a great distance from the Stomach.

En. So is the top of the Chimney from the Fire; yet if you sat there, you'd soon perceive the smook.

Fab. I shan't try.

En. But if you won't believe me, ask the Storks, who sometimes build their Nests there. Therefore it nearly concern us what Spirits and Vapours fly up from the Stomach to the Brain, and the Organs of the Mind; for if they be crude and cold, they fall down again upon the Stomach.

Fab. You give us a very pretty description of an Alembick, whereby we exhale the juice and spirits of Herbs and Flowers.

En. That Simile is not far from the purpose; for the Liver, to which the Gall adheres, represents the Fire; the Stomach serves instead of the Dish, wherein we receive the Liquor; the Skull is the top of the Still, and so on; the Nose supplies the place of the Leaden Pipe. And therefore from this flux and reflux of the Humours,

mours, in a manner proceed all kind of Diseases, according as the different Humours fall either into the Eyes, Stomach, Breast, Neck, or otherwise. And to give you farther light into this matter; why have they, that drink wine immoderately, slippery memories? Why are they, that eat things of an easie digestion and subtil Spirits, generally of a more ready wit than others? Why does the Coriander-seed amend and quicken the memory? Why does Ellebore purge the brain? Why does immoderate and vehement feeding cause the falling-sickness, which stupifies and buries all the senses, more than the most profound sleep? Lastly, as too much thirst and hunger blunt the acuteness of wit and memory in Boys, so the other extreme makes them dull and stupid; and if we may believe *Aristotle*, 'tis like throwing too much fuel on the fire, which will rather quench than cherish it.

Est. What then is the Soul corporeal, seeing it may be thus affected and disturbed by corporeal things?

Es. No, for the rational Soul's Nature and Essence cannot indeed be corrupted, but only its Vertue and Actions may meet with some impediments, by reason of vicious Organs; even as the best Artist can do

do nothing to purpose, if he be destitute of proper and necessary Instruments.

Fab. How great, or of what shape is the Soul?

En. 'Tis ridiculous to ask questions concerning its magnitude, or figure, when you acknowledge it to be incorporeal.

Fab. I mean a Body that may be felt.

En. Nay those things that cannot be felt, such as God and Angels, are the most perfect.

Fab. I understand, that God and Angels are called Spirits, that is Breath, and we can feel ones Breath.

En. In explaining the Nature of God and Angels, the Holy Scriptures make use of the word Spirit stooping as 'twere, and stammering to the Understanding of rude and ignorant Men; whereas by that expression they mean a pure Mind or Being, free from all commerce with sensible things.

Fab. What difference then is there between an Angel and a Soul?

En. As much as there's between a *Dead Snail*, and a *Snail* with a shell.

Fab. The Body then should seem rather to be the habitation of the Soul, than the Instrument wherewith it operates.

En. There's no absurdity in calling the adjunct Instrument a dwelling-place. But in

in this Philosophers differ in their Opinions. For some say, that the Body is as if were a Garment that covers the Soul; others its dwelling place; others the Instrument whereby it exerts its functions; and others the Harmony of all the parts. chuse which you please of these, and from thence will follow, that the actions of the Soul are hindred by the affections and disturbances it receives from the Body. First, If the Body be to the Soul, as Cloaths to the Body, *Hercules* has sufficiently declared, how much a Garment conduces to the health of the Body; to say nothing of the colour, or the kind of hair or skins, that Garments are made of; but whether one Soul be sufficient to wear out several Bodies, as one Man wears out many suits of Cloaths, let *Pythagoras* look to that.

Fab. 'Twon'd be very convenient, if according to *Pythagoras*, one might change Bodies, as he does Cloaths; for then in Winter, one might assume a gross fat Body, but in Summer a thin and lean one.

Eu. But it wou'd be of ill consequence if the Soul, after it had worn out many Bodies, shou'd grow old, and deficient, as the Body, when it has worn out many Garments, is it self at last worn out and fails.

Fab.

Fab. 'T'wou'd so.

Eu. And therefore as the wearing of good and useful Cloaths conduce much to the health and agility of the Body, so it as nearly concerns the Soul, what Body it carries about it.

Fab. Truly if the Body be as a Garment to the Soul, I see many Men very ordinarily dressed.

Eu. 'Tis so, and yet it lies very much on our parts to give our Souls commodious and easie Garments.

Fab. Say no more of Cloaths, proceed to the Soul's Dwelling-place.

Eu. But least what I say might seem an invention of mine own, take notice that our Saviour himself calls his Body a Temple. And *St. Peter* calls his own Body a Tabernacle. And there are not those wanting, that call the Body the Sepulchre of the Soul, taking the word *σῆμα* a Body as it were instead of *σῆμα* a Tomb. Others call it the Soul's Prison; some a Garrison, or fortified Tower. Now those Souls that are pure and undefiled live in a Temple. They that are not much in love with corporeal things live in a Tabernacle ready to fly forth at the word of Command. They that are blinded and immers'd in unclean and filthy Vices, inso-

D much

much that they never aspire to the pleasant air of the Gospel-liberty, lie as 'twere dead in a Sepulchre. They that have some trouble in striving with their Vices, yet can't wholly conquer and subdue them, have their habitation in a Prison, from whence they must often cry to the great Deliverer of Mankind. *Deliver, O Lord, my Soul out of Prison, that it may acknowledge thy Name and thy Goodness.* They that make a vigorous resistance against the Devil, and set a strict Watch and Guard, lest they should be at any time surprized by that *Roaring Lion, who walks about seeking whom he may devour,* their Souls, I say, are in a Garrison, from whence they must not depart without the General's leave.

Fab. If the Body be the Soul's Habitation, I see very many, whose Souls live uncomfortably.

Ex. 'Tis even so; many are forced to dwell in Houses, that the rain drops thro', that are dark, dismal, smoaky, shatter'd, filthy, ruinous and obnoxious to every puff of wind, nay rotten and infected. Yet *Cato* accounts it the chiefest part of Man's felicity to have a good and convenient Dwelling-place.

Fab. The Soul's Case wou'd be somewhat tolerable, if it might remove from one House to another.

Ex.

En. But it must not depart 'till the Landlord brings an Ejectment. However tho' it cannot go away at pleasure, yet we may by Art and Care make its abode more commodious, even as in our common Cottages we enlarge and alter the Windows, plaster or wainscot the Walls, and purge away the filth and unwholsomness by good fires and odours. This 'tis true is most difficult to be done, when the Body is old and crasie, and the sudden fall and ruine thereof is daily threatned. But if a youthful body takes that care in the beginning that it ought to do, it may make a successful improvement in the matter.

Fab. From all this Discourse I find, you'd have both the Mother and Nurse be Doctresses.

En. Certainly, so far as concerns his meat, drink, exercise, sleep, bathing, anointing, rubbing, and cloathing. For how many do we see, that are afflicted with most grievous distempers and vices, such as the falling-sickness, deafness, weakness and slenderness of body, broken thighs, crooked legs, rickets, infirm brain, dullness and stupidity of mind, and all this by no defect or default in themselves at first, but only for want of due care and diligence in their Nurses.

Fab. I wonder you were not made a *Franciscan* instead of a Painter, since you have got such a knack of Preaching.

Eu. When I see you one of *St. Clare's* Nuns, then I'll Preach to you as a *Franciscan*.

Fab. Verily I greatly desire to be informed, what the Soul really is, of which we hear and speak so much, yet no body can see it.

Eu. Nay, every body that has eyes may see it.

Fab. I have seen painted Souls in the shape of a young Child, but why have not they wings like the Angels?

Eu. Because, if any credit may be given to *Socrates*, their wings were broke off when they fell down from Heaven.

Fab. How then can they be said to fly up to Heaven again?

Eu. Because Faith and Charity make them grow again. These are the wings that the Psalmist wish'd for, when weary of this Life, he cries out, *O that I had wings like a Dove, that I might fly away and be at rest.* For the Soul has no other wings, having no body nor shape, that can be seen with these bodily eyes, yet they that are seen by the mind are more certainly seen than others. Do you believe there is a God?

Fab.

Fab. Yes sure.

Eu. And nothing is less seen than God.

Fab. How! is not He seen in all the Works of the Creation?

Eu. Is not the Soul also seen by its actions? If you ask what actions it has in a living body, do but look on a dead body, and you'll soon be satisfy'd. When a Man feels, sees, hears, moves, understands, remembers, and reasons, you see a Soul more certainly than you do this Jugg; for one sense may be deceived, but so many arguments and evidences of sense can never fail.

Fab. But if you can't shew me the Soul, you may paint it out to me by certain marks, as you wou'd give me a description of *Caesar*, whom I never saw.

Eu. I have *Aristotle's* definition at my fingers ends.

Fab. What definition? for they say he is an honest and fair describer and painter of things.

Eu. 'Tis this. *The Soul is an act of an Organical Natural Body, that has life in its power.*

Fab. Why does he call it an *Act* rather than a Journey or Way?

Eu. Because in this place *Aristotle* has no regard to Carters or Horsemen, that ride

ride on the way, but only designs to give us a rational definition of the Soul. He makes an *Act* the form in the definition, whose nature it is to do and have action, for it is essential to matter to suffer; and every natural motion of the Body proceeds from the Soul, and there are very various and different motions of the Body.

Fab. I understand that. But why does he add the word *Organical*?

Es. Because the Soul can have no actions but thro' the Organs and Instruments of the Body.

Fab. Why does he add the word *Natural*?

Es. To distinguish a living Body from those artificial and ingenious Machines that *Daedalus* framed; and therefore he adds, *Having Life in its Power*, because a form cannot act upon every matter, but only upon a subject capable of receiving its motions.

Fab. What if an Angel shou'd enter into a Man's Body?

Es. It might act therein, I confess, but not thro' the Natural Organs, neither wou'd it enliven the Body, if the Soul were absent.

Fab. Have I now a full and perfect account of the Soul?

Es.

Eu. You have *Aristotle's*.

Fab. Why, I have heard that he was a very famous Philosopher; and I fear lest a whole Century of Wise Men shou'd bring an Action of Heresie against me, if I shou'd be refractory and disagree with him; otherwise I shou'd make bold to tell him, that all that he has said in this definition of the Soul of a Man, agrees as well to the Soul of an Ass, or an Ox.

Eu. Nay to the Soul of a *Beetle*, or *Snail*.

Fab. Pray what's the difference then between the Soul of an Ox, and a Man?

Eu. They, that say the Soul is nothing else but a certain harmony of the qualities of the Body, do allow and confess that there is not much difference. For as they say when the harmony is broken and dissolved, then the Souls of both die and perish; nay Reason it self (without Revelation) can observe but little other difference between the Soul of an Ox and a Man, than that an Ox's Soul is less wise than a Man's; as you may also see some Men, that give less proofs of Wisdom than an Ox.

Fab. Such Men indeed have Cowish Souls.

Eu. Yet this is pertinent to what we were saying, *viz.* That the Harmony is the

the more sweet and regular, according to the quality of the Musical Instrument that's play'd upon.

Fab. I acknowledge it.

Eu. 'Tis also of some moment to make your Lute of this wood, or this form and fashion.

Fab. That's likely enough.

Eu. Neither can they make pleasant strings of the guts of all Animals.

Fab. I have heard so.

Eu. And the best strings grow slack and break sometimes by the moisture or driness of the air about them.

Fab. I have often seen it.

Eu. Therefore according to this Maxim, you may give no small assistance to your Son, in ordering him so, that his Soul may have a well-temper'd and season'd Instrument to play upon, that shan't be vitiated and made too slack by sloathfulness, nor addicted to jarring by discord and anger, nor dull and hoarse by intemperance. For our manner of Feeding and Education oftentimes breed these ill affections in us.

Fab. I take your Admonition very kindly, but look to it how you'll bring off *Aristotle* in this point.

Eu.

Eu. That may easily be done, for *Aristotle* here has given us only a general description of the living, vegetative and sensitive Soul. The Soul gives life, but all things that have life are not Animals; for Trees live, grow old and die, yet they have no sense; tho' some attribute even to Trees a kind of stupid sense. They that cut *Asparagus* perceive some sense in the root, tho' scarce any at all is seen in the blade. And Hewers of Wood (if we may believe them) find some sense in Trees; for they say, that if you strike with the palm of your hand the trunk of the Tree you are going to fell, it will so contract it self for fear, that you shall have the more difficulty in cutting it down. That therefore which lives and feels must be an Animal. Neither is there any absurdity in saying that there are other Vegetables that have no feeling, such as Mushrooms, Beets, stalks and the like.

Fab. But if these things live, feel, and move, as they grow, why shou'd we refuse them the name of Animals?

Eu. Our Ancestors did not think fit to call them so; neither is it lawful for us to recede from their Opinions, and it gives no great strength to our Argument.

Fab. But I can never bear such an extravagant assertion, as that the Soul of a Beetle and a Man are the same.

Eu. Who said it was the same (good *Fabulla*?) yet their operations in a manner are the same. Your Soul makes your Body have life, growth, and sense; the Beetle's Soul does the same in his Body: For that the Soul of Man does act thus and thus different from the Soul of a Beetle, is owing to the matter wherein it operates. The Beetle cannot sing, nor speak, because it wants proper Organs for that purpose.

Fab. That's as much as to say, that if the Beetle's Soul cou'd pass into a Man, it wou'd do the same things that a Man does.

Eu. No, not so; for tho' an Angelical Mind shou'd enter into an Humane Body, it cou'd not, as I told you before. Yet all the difference between an Angel and a Soul is, that the Soul is Created for this very end, *viz.* to operate in an Humane Body instructed and furnished with Natural Organs; whereas the Soul of a Beetle can move nothing but the Body of a Beetle. An Angel was not Created to enliven a Body, but to understand without Corporal Organs.

Fab. Can't the Soul do the same?

Eu.

Eu. Yes, when 'tis separated from the Body.

Fab. 'Tis not therefore at full liberty whilst it is in the Body.

Eu. No truly, unless it be in an extasie, and some way elevated above the common course of Nature.

Fab. But instead of one Soul, you have foisted in upon us a great many, the living, vegetive, sensible, understanding, &c. one was enough for me.

Eu. All these are but different actions of one Soul, which from these operations receives so many names.

Fab. I don't take your meaning.

Eu. But I'll soon make you understand. In your Bed you are a Wife. In your Work-house a Tapestry-Weaver. In your Shop a seller of it. In your Kitchen a Cook. Among your Servants a Mistress. Among your Children a Mother; yet in doing all these things you are but one Woman in your House.

Fab. Truly you argue excellently well. Is the Soul then in the Body, as I am in my House?

Eu. Yes.

Fab. But whilst I am Weaving in the Work-house, I am not a Cooking in the Kitchen.

Ex. That's true; because you are not a Soul only, but a Soul carrying a Body about with you, and the Body can't be in more places than one at a time. But the Soul because it is a simple form, or single being is so in the whole Body, that it is whole and entire in every part thereof, tho' it does not act or operate alike in all parts. For it exerts its Will and Memory in the Brain. 'Tis angry in the Heart. It covets and desires in the Liver. It hears in the Ears, sees in the Eyes, smells in the Nose, tastes in the Palate and Tongue; it feels in all parts of the Body, that have any Nerves adjoyning to 'em, for it does not feel in the Hair or Nails: nay the Liver and the Heart, and perhaps the Milk have no feeling in themselves.

Fab. In some parts then it affords only life and growth.

Ex. It wou'd seem so.

Fab. If one Soul can perform all these things in one Man, it will thence follow, that as soon as a Child in the Womb begins to grow, which is a sign of life, it shou'd also have sense and understanding, unless perhaps you'll say, that in the beginning a Child has more Souls which at length retire, when it receives that one Soul which alone can do all these things.

so that at first a Child was a Plant, then a Beast, and last of all a Man.

En. What you say, perhaps would not seem absurd to *Aristotle*; but to me 'tis more probable that the Rational Soul is infused together with the Life, but that, like a spark of fire, it being immers'd in extraordinary humid and moist matter cannot yet exert its own power and vertue.

Fab. Is the Soul then chain'd to the Body wherein it moves?

En. As much as a Fish is to the shell it carries about it.

Fab. The Fish, 'tis true, moves its shell, but it self is also moved along with it; even as a Pilot steers a Ship where he pleases, but in the mean time he himself is carried along with it.

En. Nay just as a Squirrel turns about his rouling Cell, and is himself moved therewith.

Fab. So you say the Soul moves the Body, and is it self moved therewith.

En. Yes truly as to the operation of it.

Fab. Therefore as to its nature, a Fool's Soul is like *Solomon's*.

En. There's no absurdity in that.

Fab. Therefore Angels are all equal and alike, seeing they are free from the incumbrances of matter, which as you say makes the inequality.

En.

En. Enough of Philosophy. Let Divines rather distract their brains about these things, we'll return to the purpose. If you'd be a whole Mother take care of your Child's little Body, that when his Soul has dispell'd those vapours that hindered its motions, he may enjoy the benefit and advantage of good and commodious Organs. As often as you hear the Babe cry, imagine with your self he begs thus much of you. As often as you cast your eyes on those two fountains on your Breast, and see them of their own accord flowing with Milk, believe that Nature her self does thereby admonish you of your Duty. Otherwise when the Infant shall begin to prattle, and in his stammering way call you * *Mamma*, can you for shame hear it, who wou'd not vouchsafe him your own Breast, but shabb'd him off to an hireling, all one as if you had suckled him on a Goat or a Sheep. and when he can speak plainly, what it instead of Mother he shou'd call you his half Mother, I warrant you'd whip the poor Child for it; and yet she can scarcely be called an half Mother it self, that refuses to suckle her own Child. The nursing of a tender Child is the better part of his generation.

* *Mamma* is Latin for the Breast or Bubby that a Child sucks.

ration. For a Child is fed and nourished not only with Milk, but also by the fragrance and smell of the Mothers Body. And he requires that known and familiar liquor, which sustained him in the Womb, and by which he was conceived. And truly I'm of Opinion, that a Child's disposition to Vertue may be alter'd and corrupted by the Milk he sucks; even as in Fruits and Plants the moisture and sap of the Earth changes the nature of that which it nourishes. Do you think the Vulgar have no grounds for this Saying, *He sucked in his Malice and Wickedness with his Nurses Milk.* And this Saying also which we received from the *Grecians* is not without good reason apply'd, when we wou'd intimate that one had ill feeding we say, *He's even like his Nurse.* For a Nurse stops the poor Child's mouth with a little of what she has first chew'd, but her self guttles up the best part of the victuals. Furthermore I cannot see how a Woman can be said to bring forth a Child, who casts it out, as soon as it is born. This is rather to miscarry, and produce an abortive than to bring forth. The Greek Etymology may fitly be apply'd to such Women; for *μίστηρ* a Mother is said as 'twere from *μὴν ὑπερ*, from not preserving. For is it not

not a kind of exposing, to cast out a Child just warm from his Mothers Womb, and commit him to the management of an hired Nurse?

Fab. You shou'd convince me, if I had not chosen a Woman in every respect accomplish'd and fit for the business.

Em. Suppose it matters not what Milk the tender Infant sucks, nor what Spittle it is forced to swallow down along with the half chew'd victuals his Nurse gives him. Nay suppose you have such as the like cannot be found, for all this can you imagine that any Nurse can undergo the wearisome toil and labour of Nursing, as well as the Mother, to clean him of his filth and excrements, to sit constantly dandling or rocking him to quiet him when he cries, to tend on him in his Sickness, and in a word to use that diligence and care which the own Mother thinks she never does enough. If a Woman can be found that loves the Child as well as the Mother, then a Maternal care may be expected. But grant this too, yet there will after all be some ill consequences in Nursing him abroad; for the Child will not love his Mother half so well as otherwise he would, because the native and inbred love is divided as 'twere between two Mothers. Nei-

ther will you love your Son as well as you
 shou'd, neither will your Son when he grows
 up to maturity prove so dutiful to you,
 and by degrees you'll grow cold and care-
 less of him, when you plainly see his Nurse
 in all his Actions and Behaviour. More-
 over 'tis a great step towards a Child's
 Education, to keep up a mutual love and
 kindness between his Tutor and him. If
 therefore the natural smell and fragrancy
 of the Mothers Pity be still continued to
 the Child, you shall the more easily instill
 into him the precepts of living well. Nay
 in this matter the Mothers Influence and
 power is very considerable, because she
 may handle that soft and tender Matter,
 and like melted wax, mould it into any
 fashion she pleases.

Fab. I see now, 'tis not so easie a thing
 to bear a Child as we commonly think it.

Eu. If you won't believe me, *St. Paul*
 speaks plain enough of the Woman in this
 case. *She shall be saved (says he) by bear-
 ing of Children.*

Fab. How? shall the Woman be saved
 that brings forth?

Eu. Hold, hear what the Apostle adds,
If the Children continue in the Faith; for you
 have not performed the whole business of
 Child-bearing, till you have first nourished

your Son's tender Body, and then by good Education also framed his Soul to Vertue and Godliness.

Fab. But Mothers have not the power in their hands to make their Children persevere in Piety.

En. Perhaps not, but the vigilant care and diligent admonitions of the Mother have so great influence on the Children, that St. Paul thinks it may be imputed to the Mother, if they degenerate from good Morals and Honesty. Lastly, if you perform all that lies in your power, God will joyn his assistance to your diligence.

Fab. *Eutraplus* your Discourse has thoroughly perswaded me, if you can also perswade my Parents and Husband's.

En. I'll warrant that, if you'll assist me with your Vote.

Fab. I promise you mine.

En. But may not I see the Boy?

Fab. Yes sure, Ho! *Syrisca*, call the Nurse, and bid her bring the Child.

En. A brave Boy, upon my word! we commonly dispence and make allowances for the first experiment one makes if it be not so exactly done, but you have given proofs of a most exquisite Artist.

Fab. He's not a Carved Image, that there shou'd be so much need of Art.

En.

En. But he's a Molten Image, or whatever he be, you have succeeded most happily. I wish you could weave Figures in your Tapestry to the life.

Fab. I wish I could, but on the contrary, you have better Skill in Painting, than in begetting Children.

En. Thus Nature distributes her gifts to make us all equal. How busie Nature has been in framing this Child, least any good feature should be lost. She has express'd two in one. The Nose and the Eyes are like the Father, the Forehead and Chin resemble the mother. Could you find in your heart to trust this dear pledge with a Stranger? Those Women seem to me doubly cruel that can permit such a thing to be done. For first they are very barbarous in exposing the Infant to such inevitable danger, and also they are cruel to themselves, because the Milk being corrupted by the stopping and drying up does very often breed most malignant Diseases, by which means it happens that whilst they endeavour to preserve the beauty and vigour of one, they act very much to the detriment of both; and whilst they strive to prevent Old Age coming hastily on, they præcipitate themselves into sudden death. What's the Boys name?

Fab. Cornelius.

En.

Eu. That was his Grandfather's Name.
I wish it wou'd make him as good and as
noble a Man.

Fab. I shall take care of that, as far as
in me lies. But no! *Euraphus*, I beg one
favour of you.

Eu. Nay believe that I am your Slave,
you may command your humble Servant
what you please, and you shall not be
deny'd.

Fab. If then you're my Slave, I will not
set you free, till you have given a finishing
stroke to the kindness you have already
done me.

Eu. In what pray?

Fab. In prescribing me the best me-
thods how to preserve the Infant's health;
and afterwards when he's grown up a lit-
tle, informing me what rudiments are best
to imprint on his rude mind, as a propa-
ration to Piety and Vertue.

Eu. I will willingly obey you to the ut-
most of my Skill, but it must be in my
next Discourse; for I'll go now and be
importunate with your Husband and Pa-
rents as I have been with you.

Fab. I pray God you may have the same
success.

F I N I S.